

Mary Baldwin



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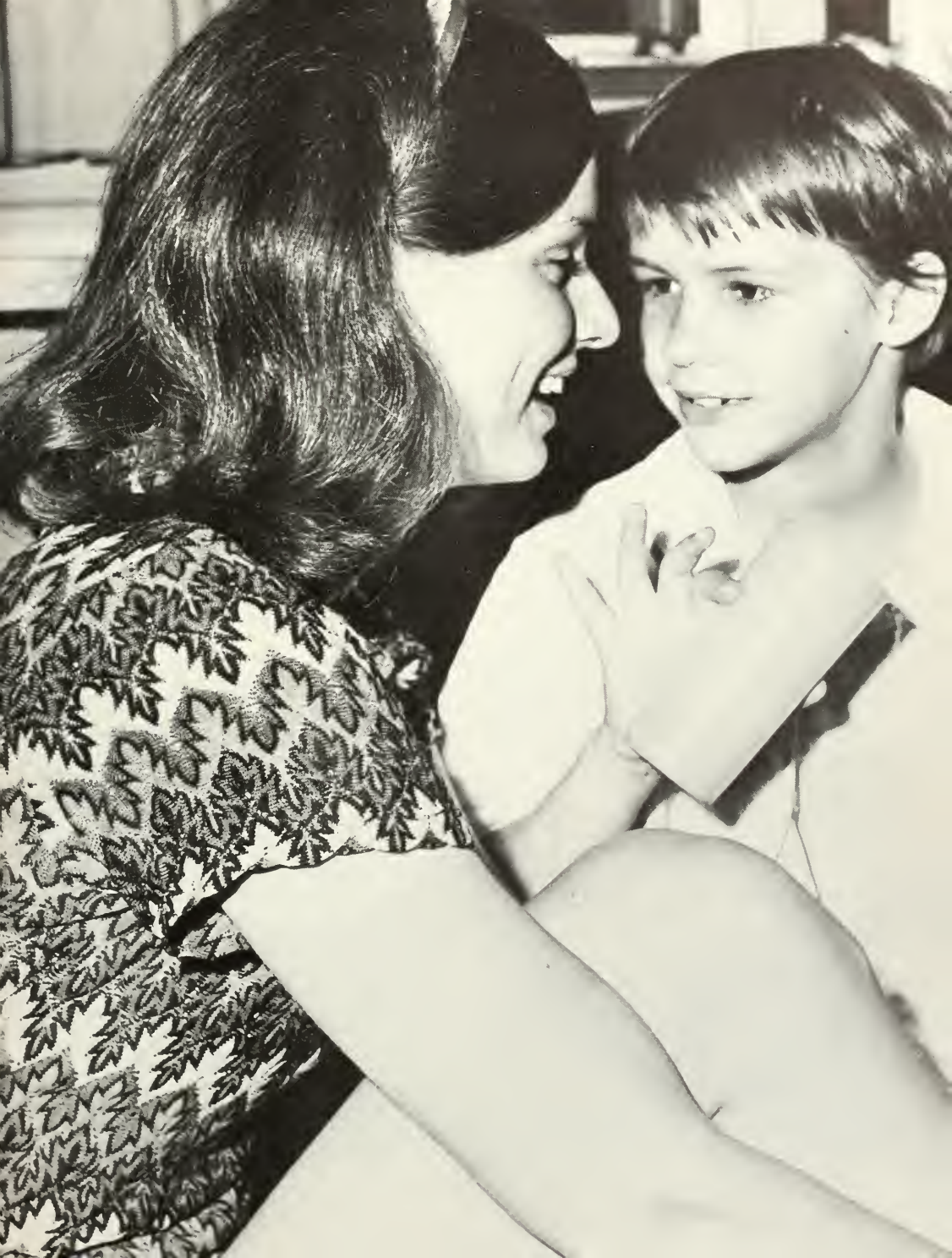
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THE FRONT COVER: Poets and scientists alike have dreamed of capturing a sunbeam, a feat *Jann Malone '72* handily accomplished with her camera from a window seat in Academic. The photograph, called "Winter Sun," is one of 30 in "Experiment in Expressive Photography," her independent study as the Russell Scholar. A departure in style from written research projects, "Experiment" will be on display for the summer in the Administration Building. Meanwhile, Jann, a Phi Beta Kappa math major, is expressing talents in yet another way as staff writer for the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

AUTHORS for the "Salutes" (pages 11-20) are volunteers from within the faculty circle. The Graftons, Martha and Tom, both *emeritus* themselves, are Dean Parker's closest friends. Ethel Smeak, professor of English, never had a class in economics but she came to know Miss Rudeseal as a devoted colleague. Virginia Royster, professor of dramatic arts, dates her admiration for Dr. McNeil from a class in music appreciation which Dr. McNeil faithfully met, even when her leg was broken. "Ginny" was one of those who autographed the cast.

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Volunteer Action- It's the NOW Way To Get Involved

By KAREN SCHULTZ BAIN, MBC '62

*"Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggarman, Thief,
Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief,
Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor . . ."*

So goes the children's rhyme about careers.

Today, in Staunton, 502 volunteers—students from Mary Baldwin and the city schools as well as numerous other area residents—are getting such practical experience that it is hopeless to rhyme the opportunities. The list is unending:

Big Sisters, child care aides, Scout leaders;

Friends to mental patients, blood donors, office helpers;

Tutors, friends to new residents who've come from another country;

Reader for a blind graduate student, author of a manual on tutoring, shopper for a welfare mother whose children need shoes;

Craft teacher at Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation Center, Western State Hospital or DeJarnette State Sanitarium;

Cook and hostess for a family whose home is flooded; food distributor at Staunton's Commodity Foods Center; swimming teacher for retarded or physically handicapped youngsters;

The list is ever-growing.

Coordinating the whole coterie of volunteers and their tasks is a non-profit organization called the Voluntary Action Center of Staunton, Inc.—better known as VAC.

Already overgrown from its first quarters in Mary Baldwin's earliest 19th-century building (Hill Top, built in 1819), VAC is an organization unique to the second half of 20th-century America. There is a growing emphasis on a volunteer service that calls for a personal involvement far beyond that of the 19th-century Lady Bountiful who

Miss Theresa M. Becks, retired teacher, has a story group in the Staunton Park.





Volunteers teach swimming to children of the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind.



Or play games with friendless children.

Donna Dietz is the director of student volunteers.



delivered food to the poor and then went home to a seven-course dinner, her duty done.

For by matching needs and talents, VAC performs a valuable task for both those individuals who want to serve some need in their community and those who need help.

Some of the needs are one-time. For example, a local community agency may need help in getting out a special mailing.

But many are continuing needs.

A Western State Hospital patient, whose family has abandoned her, welcomes a weekly visit from a constant friend.

A fatherless boy, whose mother must work, looks forward to afternoons with a Big Brother who takes him for a swim or to a movie or just to the park.

The individuals in need change, but always blood is needed at Staunton's King's Daughters' Hospital. VAC has initiated a blood donor program whereby individuals give on a regular or an emergency basis, with their donations available for anyone in need at any time. At the close of the session, 261 students and faculty were registered blood donors.

Obviously, none of these projects is unique in itself.

But in most cities and towns, each agency has to recruit



A building is renovated for teenagers, recreation.

its own volunteers and each volunteer must find his own way of helping—but both often fail because talents and interests don't get matched properly with needs. The result, of course, is that much valuable manpower is lost.

Staunton's VAC was born in August, 1970, to create one agency to coordinate all the groups and individuals in the Staunton area involved in voluntary action.

It came into being as "Volunteers for Community Service," under a \$9,700 grant from Title I of the Higher Education Act of 1965. (The federal government contributed two-thirds of the total; Mary Baldwin made up the rest.)

By December, 1970, the office had become one of the 20 original centers of the National Center for Voluntary Action, changing its name to Voluntary Action Center of Staunton, Inc. It is now one of 55 fully operational VACs in the nation.

The center's first major hurdle was that of establishing its identity.

Because it was on the Mary Baldwin campus and because it had financial support from the college, both townspeople and students assumed it was a Mary Baldwin venture.

"But VAC is a *community* office and will stand or fall only as the community sees fit," emphasizes Center director



Phyllis Henderson. (It is run by a 26-member board of directors representing many facets of the community, including four representatives of the college—President William Kelly, Vice president Craven Williams and the student coordinator of Mary Baldwin volunteers and the editor of *Campus Comments*. In addition, 30 students are VAC coordinators, led by Donna Dietz.)

"The college has been careful to maintain a 'hands off' policy as we developed our ideas and programs. To us, it has been a perfect relationship—Mary Baldwin is there when we need it, but does not interfere at any time," she says.

The number of volunteers (502 + groups) and the individuals, institutions, and agencies (36 helping agencies and institutions) requesting their help is ample proof of the Center's success in interpreting its purpose.

And Mrs. Henderson notes some resulting changes in attitudes of community toward college and of college toward community:

"Community volunteers see Mary Baldwin students in dungarees, doing hard work without pay, and they begin to question stereotypes . . .

"Surprisingly, I see perhaps the greatest change in the

campus side of the question! I find students more willing to find hope and solid relationships in this community, rather than cynicism about the rural nature of the Valley."

Through VAC, more than 500 volunteers spend an average of 1½ hours per week at their chosen tasks—some giving as much as 10 hours a week. Most also will meet "one-time" emergency requests in addition to their regular volunteer work.

The number of volunteers grows steadily as some 50 new volunteers are added each month. (None of these figures takes into account the numerous groups which are not registered individually.)

A breakdown of those registered shows about 260 Mary Baldwin students (more than one-third of the student body); 93 from Staunton's Lee High and junior highs; and another 146 townspeople. (Included among the last are a number of senior citizens who through a federally funded program called RSVP—[for Retired Senior Volunteer Program]—are reimbursed for such expenses as transportation so they can afford to share their talents as volunteers.)

VAC, however, is far from being just a Staunton venture.

As a result of a \$14,185 grant from the National Center for Voluntary Action in Washington, D. C. (to whose

Mary Baldwin and Washington & Lee students assist the local Legal Aid program.



board Mrs. Henderson has just been named), the eyes of the nation are in a very real sense on Staunton's VAC.

One of 15 demonstration grants given this year by the national center, each aimed at solving a different problem in ways that can be applied all across the country, Staunton's grant is to develop training programs for volunteers and volunteer coordinators. The major event under this grant will be a workshop conference, tentatively scheduled for January, 1973.

Another reason Staunton's VAC is in the national spotlight is that it is the only fully operational VAC in the country located on a college campus. ("So colleges and universities are watching us, asking questions like 'Is it a help or a hindrance to be on a campus?'" Mrs. Henderson says.)

Because of its wide variety of institutions—including two mental hospitals, a school for deaf and blind children and a rehabilitation center—Staunton itself is unusual. And Mrs. Henderson is finding that because of this variety, volunteer experiences are influencing the career choices of many Mary Baldwin students, especially freshmen.

The irony, she says, is that so many feel they need to leave Mary Baldwin for schools that offer preparation in

rehabilitation or special education "when they're already in a town that is far above average in its variety and number of institutions that could offer them such valuable practical experience in special education."

Staunton also has the only successful, fully operational "rural-based" (under 50,000 town with surrounding county populations) VAC. This is one reason Staunton's VAC was chosen along with New York City, Albuquerque, Albany and Cleveland as the subject of a center "profile" distributed nationally by the National Center for Voluntary Action as a case study.

"NCVA is trying to adapt our successes—and avoid our failures—for other areas. Rural areas and student volunteers, they feel, represent the real exciting future of relevant American volunteerism," says Mrs. Henderson.

How well VAC has convinced the community of the validity of its purpose will be put to the test during the coming year. For all grants are due to expire by July, 1973—and none are renewable.

Already some expression of support is forthcoming. The Augusta County Board of Supervisors has approved \$2,500 for the Center, effective July 1 for this year. Staunton's City Council is considering a similar request.

Volunteers sort gifts to the paperback library.



New Story, New City, New World

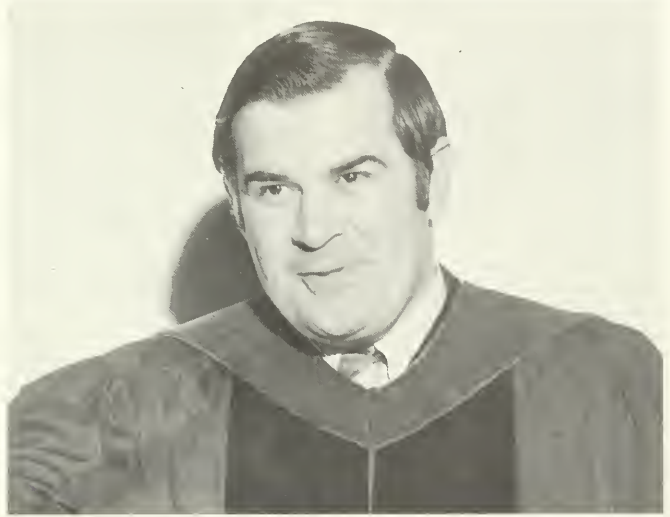
By JOHN DAVID MAGUIRE

The old, old story of Jesus and his love was the main early element in my cultural tradition. And in late boyhood that tradition began to dissolve and be torn away before my eyes.

At the same time new images and symbols began *flooding* in on me, jostling, so it seemed, to replace the old, old story, and threatening to drown me with their number and their weight. Some were literary, others historical, ideological, or suddenly appeared in fantasy and dream: Wasteland, Pearl Harbor, Auschwitz, classless society, Armageddon. By the time I was a senior at Washington & Lee, I felt myself swamped with visions, weighted with ideas and sinking in the ooze of messy facts.

I left college with a new aesthetic, a new geometry, a growing jumbledness of experience. Long before Marshall McLuhan wrote about it, I experienced the alienation of print-culture, the non-linearity of existence, the psychedelic explosiveness of experience. The reassuring plot of the old, old story had been replaced by violent fragments, mind-splitting contradictions, ostensible anarchy. Its sweet, ancient words became infantile, banal, trivialized by technology. Events testified that the story was not true and the poisoned environment made it seem a lie.

Nevertheless, the need for *some* story persisted—something that would give the disconnected bits and pieces of private experience some form, a frame that would shape an outlet for my loyalties and give some resonance and meaning to my achievement. I felt a longing for some symbolic form that would fuse private with social vision and give point to my fitful moral passion. I knew it would have



These are portions of the baccalaureate address for 148 graduates and their parents given on commencement Sunday, May 21, by Dr. Maguire, president of the State University of New York College at Old Westbury. An active layman trained in modern theology, Dr. Maguire is a graduate of Washington & Lee and Yale Universities and was for ten years associated with Wesleyan University. Traditionally, the baccalaureate sermon, delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, is the main address of the final ceremonies.

to reflect new aesthetics of fragmentation, juxtaposition and speed. Yet I sensed that *with* a story, a new story, private life would be vitalized and given the significance it was flounderingly seeking and that *without* some story, life would never achieve its full meaning, its dramatic dimensions.

At the same time I remained aware of a reality forcing itself upon my consciousness, refusing to be managed or mastered. . . . There persisted the sense of a reality independent of myself, societies or culture, a reality with which it was decisively important for me to be consciously in touch.

I knew that the *right* story would place me—and any other person—in

living communication with that reality which the story symbolized; that people move, act, do their work within the symbols and metrics of their story, once it's fashioned, communing, reacting, moving to the beat of the reality which the story renders actual.

Thus began sometime back the search for a new story that would be not a monument to behold but a place to dwell, within which to live, move, have being.

Let me anticipate the end of this particular narrative by telling you that I have not yet found that fully finished story. But I have found a symbol out of which I think the story can and must be fashioned. That is my mes-

COMMENCEMENT 1972

sage to you in the Class of 1972 and to all assembled here today. You and I must have some story within which we live our lives. These fundamentally necessary, life-giving stories are fashioned out of symbols. And I want to commend [to you that] the symbol from which the story of *our* lives can be fashioned is "that city whose builder and maker is God."

Reflect on the symbol:

A city built by God makes our present dwellings, whether modest or fancy, look and feel like rude tents. Like any city it is social, communal, people rub up against each other. Full humanization is its goal. . . .

This city is full of life. It serves life so completely that death is exiled from the community.

Institutions as we now know them have either vanished or been transformed beyond recognition in the city built by God. Crystal clear rivers run right through the middle of town and there are no churches. There are no locks on doors and gates are never shut. The inhabitants concern themselves with cultivating their capacity to enjoy God and fulfill themselves which are, in that city, the same thing.

This symbol, you will notice, is always future, which is a fundamental part of its power. It will not permit us to spend today playing and replaying yesterday. *Reaching* the new city always involves going out into places which one knows not—the promised land will always appear from here as a foreign land because it lies in the future waiting to be possessed. For that reason it is too easy to overestimate the distance from Here to There and to end up like those children who have difficulty learning to walk because they are so afraid of falling with their first steps.

I have concluded that out of this symbol may grow the story which our



The 148 graduates of 1972 had a commencement to remember. Just as the seniors and faculty were lining up in the Administration Building to proceed to the First Presbyterian Church, Staunton police zoomed in to announce there had been a bomb threat to the church and the building would have to be cleared. Assembled parents and friends moved with order from the church up the hill to King Auditorium, the seniors and faculty reversed their processional plans, and the baccalaureate service was held, 35 minutes late. Immediately afterwards, before an overflow audience kept inside by inclement weather, the degrees and honors of the 130th commencement were conferred. The police search failed to uncover any explosives in the church.



AWARDS OF 1972

THE ALGERNON SYDNEY SULLIVAN MEDALLIONS

*Patricia Catherine Click
Ruth McNeil
Lillian Rudeseal*

THE MARTHA S. GRAFTON MEDAL FOR ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE

Patricia Catherine Click

THE CLASS OF 1971 COMMUNITY SERVICE BOWL

Dr. Malcolm Tenney

THE MARGARATT KABLE RUSSELL SCHOLARSHIP

Peggy Partridge '73

THE CLASS OF 1972 GIFT TO THE COLLEGE

*A Portrait of Dean Parker
A Book Collection for the Library*

EMERITUS CONFERRED UPON:

Dean Parker, Professors McNeil, Rudeseal

lives desperately need. Some specific things are required, however, if you adopt it as the prime substance of your story. I shall mention three.

The *first* is to remember constantly that it is God who finally builds and makes the city. God needs helpers, surely enough, but the new city is a gift. It comes in the midst of, and in spite of, our limitations and failures, our collapses of energy and horrid mistakes. We contribute all we can, all we have, but the heart and the eyes must be open to those unexpected arrivals of meaning and fulfillment which come in the unlikelyst moments, even when our strenuous efforts—politically, intellectually, even morally, seem to suffer complete defeat. This city is finally built by God. . . .

A *second* requirement is recognizing that the goal of the new city is the fulfillment of human life in a new network of relationships—social justice, international equity, the family of man. To adopt this as the core of our story places us on the side of all those forces working toward that end. This means a new way of living—making love, not war, leading by example rather than by dominance, sharing rather than hoarding, flowing with the present rather than scheming for the future—in short, effecting the remembrance of men and mankind. Building with such an image commits us to the transformation of those institutions that are malleable enough to provide shape and support for the new vision, the new city, as it becomes actual. It moves us *beyond* those institutions that are intractable to the creation of new, necessary forms. Preoccupation with conserving things as they are is alien to the creation of a new city.

Furthermore, the effort to conserve, to hold back the tide of new social, institutional forms whose time has come is doomed and deathly activity.



Dean Marjorie Chambers is handing to Pat Click the Martha S. Grafton medal for having the highest cumulative academic average of the class of '72. Pat, who plans graduate study in history at the University of Virginia, also received the Algernon Sydney Sullivan medallion for leadership in student activities. ▶



This symbol suggests God's judgment on forms no longer serviceable, his periodic creation of new forms, and the hopelessness of trying by oneself to hold on to things that may more appropriately be jettisoned.

Thirdly, one knows that he has adopted a symbol, not only by holding it before his mind, but by beginning to live out a story of which it is the center. A new city goes up where an old one had been and this requires clearing our heads and hearts of lots of dilapidated structures and musty rubbish. To gain fresh understanding and wisdom we have to sacrifice and sweep away much of what we think we now know. Auden says just that:

*Clear away from the head the
masses of impressive rubbish,
Rally the lost and trembling
forces of the will,
Gather them up and let them
loose upon the earth
Till they construct at last a human
justice.*



*From the farewell remarks of
Kathy Lee Young, president of the
Class of 1972:*

"Modesty being one of the virtues of our select group, I shall not arouse alumnae or our contemporaries by asserting that ours is the finest class ever to pass before Ham and Jam. . . . The record speaks for itself. . . . The most important thing we have learned is to appraise and evaluate our ignorance. We arrived at Mary Baldwin with the firm conviction that the world was our oyster. It took us the better part of four years to find out that *no oyster* is of much value unless and until you master the art of opening it. . . . It is with something of that spirit of humility that most of us are emerging from Mary Baldwin. We are just beginning to realize what we don't know."

Concrete involvement in building the new city is the way we move from symbol to story, the way the ideal becomes actual for us. Some of us still need new light, but most of us, I suspect, need to begin living in terms of the quite adequate light we already have.

We know *now* that our schools are murderous, our cities squalid, our government too militaristic, our culture too alienating and commercial, our economy too inequitable. We are already aware of anti-human realities like war, hunger, overpopulation, the destruction of the biosphere and the ruthless oppression of many of the world's people. . . .

The traditions offer us all this image of the city built by God. One can sense the builder himself inviting us now to fashion our story with this city as its center. Here is an unlatched gate. Shall we swing it fully open and walk out now into the future?



Elizabeth Parker, Flexible, Foresighted Woman of all Seasons

By THE GRAFTONS

It was easy to say yes when we were asked to write about Elizabeth Parker for *Mary Baldwin*. We've known her well since she first came to our campus in the Spring of 1941 for an interview.

At that time Elizabeth was working toward her doctorate in French at Duke, and it was almost done. Jobs were scarce, graduate students were below the poverty level, and some college teaching in French and Spanish seemed good punctuation for the magna carta of the Ph.D. Elizabeth was highly recommended by her department chairman at Duke and the interview went well. She arrived in Staunton on September 15, 1941, to begin what looked like a short term of service. (The authors remember the date of her arrival because their youngest daughter was born the same day. The Parker-Grafton friendship began then.)

Two words sum up Elizabeth: duty and versatility. Her birthday, October 21, the anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar when England expected every man to do his duty, fixes the

first of these in the mind. The second is borne out by a recital of her activities, the public and also those less well known.

Miss Parker grew up in Tennessee, mostly in Chattanooga, where she attended high school and the University of Chattanooga. Imagine anyone being certified as a major in four fields, and these as different as French, English, math, and biology! A modest soul, Elizabeth did not let on for a time that she was a member of Beta Beta Beta, the biology fraternity that established a chapter at MBC. She laughs in telling that her graduation was for a moment in jeopardy when some of the office staff argued over her credits in "phys ed," but this hurdle was safely passed and she became one of the University's honor grads, elected to the Honor Society, "Alpha." She was also in honor groups recognizing achievement in English and math. This was in the midst of the depression, and Elizabeth got a job teaching math and biology in a suburban high school. The compensation was \$100 a month and was often paid on time.

We wish we could have known the

TRIBUTE FROM A COLLEAGUE

Because of the nature of their duties, Deans of Students are often remembered in connection with rules. But I associate Elizabeth Parker not so much with rules as with standards. There is a difference: rules are enforced, usually by external pressure; standards are upheld, most effectively by personal example.

Miss Parker has consistently exemplified, in the life of this college, standards of character and integrity and decency. That would be a great contribution in itself. But she has done far

more. She has a sort of built-in sense of propriety, an intuitive feeling for good taste, and a considerate thoughtfulness which add civility and grace to a somewhat graceless era. I salute her and add the hope that Mary Baldwin College will never lose the qualities she has so well personified.

—Samuel R. Spencer, Jr.
President of MBC, 1957-1968, speaking at Student Government Installation, 1972



Elizabeth Parker,
a dean with grace.

SALUTE TO RETIRING FACULTY

Parker family in toto, but we did know her mother who died in 1945, the year EP became dean. Her brother has visited her many times, and her nephew, too. We still play a Grafton modification of the solitaire game Merrill Parker taught us, and recently had a card from Marguerite Hillhouse, a close colleague through all these years, of her statistically improbable achievements at the same game. The Parkers were church-minded people, and Elizabeth's background, with interest in education and people around them, was an excellent one for a future dean of MBC. Through the years she never missed church unless she was really ill or the ice so thick on N. Market Street that she felt a sortie to the First Presbyterian would be dangerous to life and limb.

When Katherine Sherrill resigned in 1945 as dean of students, Elizabeth, who had become assistant dean three years previously, was named dean. Not many women in the United States have kept the job of dean of students for 27 years, but Elizabeth did, and this shows that she had not only versatility but adaptability, as well. She held the office of Dean of Students longer than anyone else at Mary Baldwin.

For many years Miss Parker lived in an apartment in Main Building. Cramped living quarters did not keep her from entertaining often and graciously. It was a good day for EP and for the college when Blakely House became her home. Here she had scope for her domestic activities, which included gourmet cooking, handwork of all kinds, and entertaining. Perhaps Miss Parker's best-known parties were her Christmas to-dos for faculty and staff on the day Christmas vacation began. Her tree with hundreds of ornaments contributed by friends from everywhere was truly a thing of



Her Christmas tree and her holiday party for the faculty were a college tradition.

beauty. Many of us went to this party to pick up ideas for our own table decorations. And cookies! Nobody could make as many different kinds—so pretty and so good.

Of course, she did other types of entertainment, too, for groups such as the Laurel, Student Government officers, and everybody else at Sunday afternoon teas on cold days, with big fires going in the two downstairs fireplaces. Elizabeth usually scorned help from caterers and would make her own cookies and tea for these occasions, with an assist sometimes from the Spencer children or other faculty progeny as they came of age. Saving the College money was always important for EP, and she frequently arranged her own flowers in addition to getting up early to make her own refreshments.

A busy college dean has a standing excuse against outside involvements, but Elizabeth participated as much as she could in community activities. She served a number of terms as a member of the Girl Scout Council and was on the United Fund Board. She was also a Bible teacher in her church circle when she could find time to attend.

The pressure of her duties as dean made it necessary early in her career



"EP" Day, October 20, 1971.

for Elizabeth to give up teaching, and this was a pity, for she is one of the smartest people we ever had around the campus. She remains well read (everything from French literature to the Agatha Christies), and certainly no one can match her at word games such as Scrabble and the *Saturday Review* Double-Crostics.

College deans have their ups and downs, but as years passed, EP had her share of the students' recognition and appreciation. There was a special page honoring EP in the 1948 *Blue-*

stocking, and twice this annual was dedicated to her—in 1950 and again in 1969. The Laurel Society gave her a special citation in 1964. October 21, Elizabeth's birthday, frequently was Apple Day and the occasion each year for student government felicitations. EP Day, October 20, 1971, was a very special time when Miss Parker was the focus of a campus-wide celebration. The students gave her a Victorian whatnot, where she can keep at least some of her collection of coffee cups. Pekay Pettus, student government president, said on this occasion: "Miss Parker is amazingly flexible and foresighted in student affairs. She deserves this honor."

In recent years Miss Parker has spent vacations abroad, especially in France and Italy, and when she retires this summer she plans to spend several months in these countries before moving permanently to Chattanooga.

Her numerous activities and her capacity for self-amusement will make retirement a time of fulfillment for Elizabeth Parker. We can picture her making new designs for afghans and table mats, reading mysteries, working difficult puzzles, doing church work, visiting her relatives, and coming back many times to Staunton to see her old friends and haunts at MBC.

All but five of my years have been spent in education—as a student, as a teacher, as an administrator or in combinations of these roles. In all of these capacities I have been associated with general education. . . . Far from finding it dull to have spent a lifetime in the same setting it has been the source of constant change and variety. In

short, it has been a good kind of education to live with and to live by. . . .

There are those who scorn liberal education as an anachronism—an outworn exercise, a frill for the dilettante. Nothing is farther from the truth. Today, in a confused and fragmented society, it continues to produce order and sanity, to give a frame

of reference, to develop methods of approach to problems old and new. It is, and must continue to be, the basis of intelligent progress.

I am not so naive as to think the world can be saved by the perpetuation of liberal arts but I am sure that without them all would be lost or what survived very sterile.

Elizabeth Parker, Speaking to Phi Beta Kappa Initiates, Feb. 28, 1972

Lillian Rudeseal, Cordial, Loyal And Generous

By ETHEL SMEAK '53

"Yes, I'm looking forward to retirement—but with mixed feelings."

Lillian Rudeseal made this comment to me several months ago, and I reflected then how much a seemingly insignificant remark can actually convey. For me, the statement speaks strongly of certain of her qualities her colleagues and students cherish: her honesty, her adaptability, her loyalty.

Miss Rudeseal, one of six children in a close-knit family, is retiring to her native Georgia. She and one of her sisters plan to rent apartments near each other in Gainesville. This move is not a difficult one for Miss Rudeseal; she has spent most of her vacations in Georgia; she is really going home. She is so much a Georgian, she has kept her church membership down there. So, of course, she is looking forward to her retirement. "But I don't know what I'll do without the *Washington Post*," she said.

The "mixed feelings" obviously refer to the more than 30 years she has been a part of the Mary Baldwin and Staunton communities. It is not easy, I should think, to leave the job and friends that have been such an integral part of one's life. Yet Lillian Rudeseal can face this change with calmness of mind, and with a certain knowledge that her contribution to Mary Baldwin and to generations of students has been significant.

Her capabilities were recognized when she was quite a young woman. Prior to coming to Mary Baldwin College in 1938 she served as Assistant to the President of Piedmont College in Demorest, Georgia.

In her early days at Mary Baldwin, the college was offering a two-year secretarial certificate and Miss Rudeseal was one of two teachers, with the



Miss Rudeseal is returning to her native Georgia.

title "Director of Secretarial Education," in the basement of old Sky High. The students who received the certificates were required to work three or four hours for two weeks in the offices of the dean and registrar. After the secretarial certificate was discontinued in 1949, Mary Baldwin offered a minimum of work in this area through 1959, although the work was only a course in personal typing.

In the year 1946-47 Miss Rudeseal worked also in the college bursar's office, and along with other duties, she taught all the economics courses offered in the early years. Eventually, the old sociology-economics major was dropped and each of the disciplines became individual departments. Miss Rudeseal, the sole teacher for many years, became co-chairman of the Economics Department with Dr. Bernard S. Logan in 1967.

The first majors in economics were given in 1953 to three graduates. Interest has been rising steadily. Miss Rudeseal usually taught overflow classes, especially the course in Consumer Economics, which has remained the most popular in the curriculum.

Doubtless one of the reasons economics has become a strong and popular major at Mary Baldwin College is that Miss Rudeseal kept herself alert and prepared for teaching. After earning her master's degree from the University of Pittsburgh in 1941, she took graduate work and attended seminars at the University of North Carolina, Duke, and Emory. In 1958 she attended an audio-visual seminar at Indiana University and the next year organized the audio-visual center at Mary Baldwin. She participated in various seminars in banking, particularly at the Federal Reserve Bank in Richmond. (The same bank in which some of her majors now hold responsible positions.) She spent the summers

from 1945 to 1948 as Visiting Professor of Economics at colleges in Mississippi, Ohio, and Alabama.

As I write about Miss Rudeseal, I think particularly about her relationship with students. Miss Parker told me: "Lillian Rudeseal is one of the most cordial faculty members and one of the best faculty advisors we have ever had." Her associate, Dr. Logan, who came from Bridgewater College five years ago, said he will be forever grateful for the cooperation and "insights" Miss Rudeseal gave him.

From my office across the hall, I have watched with some amazement the hours Miss Rudeseal spent in conference with students. She checked carefully the progress both of her students and of her advisees. And, she kept other faculty members informed about the progress of their advisees in her classes. Often grateful students and advisees who transferred or graduated made Miss Rudeseal their first stop when they returned to the campus.

All of her help was not academic. Miss Rudeseal entertained students with pleasure for guests as well as herself. She is a marvelous cook, and gave evidence with dinners for her majors and advisees at various times during the school year.

Her cordiality and reputation as a cook extend beyond the students. She loyally attended the First Baptist Church of Staunton and was a mainstay of her circle, which she often entertained at her home. Marguerite Hillhouse, who retired in 1970 as registrar and dean of admissions, told me that several times during the examination period or other busy times for the registrar, Miss Rudeseal thoughtfully invited her for an excellent meal and a short period of relaxation away from the gruelling work.

Certainly Miss Rudeseal has earned

the right to retire, but friends and colleagues and students will miss her. I, myself, am going to miss a good friend and the guiding hand Miss Rudeseal has provided for me since I returned to Mary Baldwin as a faculty member. I have a feeling there will be many of us who will be knocking on Miss Rudeseal's door in Gainesville, Ga.



For over thirty years she has given selflessly of herself to this institution. She has never refused to do any task, no matter how great or small. Her quiet dignity, her spirit of cooperation, her promptness in fulfilling her obligations have been an inspiration to all who have worked with her.

As an advisor and teacher, she has influenced countless numbers of students. By her careful guidance, her sympathetic, yet practical approach, her genuine interest in and concern for young women, she has set an example that few will be able to follow.

It is for this devotion to the College, but most particularly for her commitment to the students to whom she has so unsparingly given of herself that Mary Baldwin College presents the Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award for 1972 to

LILLIAN RUDESEAL

Ruth McNeil, Ready for Adventure



As College marshal Dr. McNeil often escorted others to receive honors, but the tables were turned on her when President William W. Kelly presented her with one of the 1972 Sullivan medallions.

By VIRGINIA L. ROYSTER '64

A love of beauty and adventure—and a keen awareness of her responsibility in meeting some of the practical problems of life have marked Ruth McNeil's 28 years at Mary Baldwin, from her arrival in Staunton and the new teacher's ceremonial drive behind Fannie-horse in Miss Fannie Strauss's buggy, to canteen service for wounded soldiers in Delhi during the India-Pakistan war of 1965, to service on

the Virginia State Mental Health Study Commission and the Board of the Staunton Retarded Children's Training Center.

(Although Miss McNeil's life has revolved around music, she did not come from a musical family.) As a child in Toronto, she could hum songs perfectly before she was old enough to speak the words, she began piano lessons at age five and organ lessons at 15, and took her first job as a church organist three months after her first

lesson on the instrument! That led to a 50-year career as a church organist, in locations from Chicago to Brooklyn to Paris, and in churches from Episcopal to Presbyterian to Baptist to Staunton's Temple House of Israel.

The piano and organ aren't her only instruments. She played the bass violin and tympani in her high school orchestra, "fooled around" with the recorder and Appalachian Mountain dulcimer, and taught herself to play

the accordion to accompany group sing-alongs of patients at Western State Hospital. The organ remains her favorite instrument, although it is the most difficult of those in her arsenal. (She knows the stamina required and she regularly provided chocolates for student organists to gain quick energy during recitals.) Her own mastery and stamina were evident in her 1930 debut in Kimball Hall, Chicago, and in her national triumph in the Society of American Musicians' Contest in Organ in 1931.

Ruth McNeil's education was a liberal and musical one: Ph.B. and Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Chicago, B.M. and M.M. from the American Conservatory of Music, and a doctorate in Sacred Music from Union Theological Seminary, New York, for which she composed the Christmas cantata *Emmanuel*. It was performed twice by the Choir of Mary Baldwin College, and recently by Stuart Hall Choir.

Two leaves of absence from her 40 years of teaching have been devoted to her two loves, music and Paris, "capital of the world." In 1939 she spent seven months there, studying piano with Isador Phillip and organ with Marcel Dupré. Returning in 1956, she spent seven more musical months listening to concerts and plays in Paris and Vienna. Flexibility exercises taught her by Phillip were one of the backbones of her piano students' training—and one of the nightmares former students who remember the seemingly infinite changes she could ring on five notes by changing the pitch, the number to be played at one time, and the order and rhythm of the playing.

Although Miss McNeil has delighted in numbers of promising piano and organ students, she believes her most rewarding teaching has been in music

appreciation courses, "selling serious music to students, taking raw students and teaching them the ability to discriminate the excellent from the mediocre in a work of art."

In Miss McNeil's first year at Mary Baldwin, Old Chapel was still in use, and was equipped with the campus's only organ, on which she taught and blossoming organists practiced. The second floor of the Administration building adjoining Chapel was a dorm, whose residents complained mightily during the mad practicing for final exams in organ. After the last exams, Miss McNeil went to the Chapel to

practice the music for Commencement, but was delayed by a liberal portion of strawberry jam on the organ bench. She assumed a snacking late crammer had spilled the jam, but Lelia Taylor, assisting in cleaning up the sticky mess, insisted, "This is no accident!" Miss McNeil climbed onto the bench, reached under the stop keys to set them, and found more jam. That cleaned up, she settled in for what remained of an afternoon's practicing, pressed the first keys and watched in horror as strawberry jam oozed up between the keys.

Honor Council examined the second

Neither snow, nor rain, nor a leg in a cast . . .



floor rooms, discovered the empty jam jar, and placed the culprit on probation. Informed of this step by telephone, her father wept, and her mother took to her bed. Attempting to explain to Miss Parker how she had been driven berserk by practicing organists, the offender hoped Miss McNeil would understand "Miss McNeil *might* forgive you," Miss Parker replied, "but nobody could *ever* understand!"

Miss Parker perhaps underestimated the new teacher, however, for less-than-brilliant piano and organ students often remember Miss McNeil's patience and understanding with stumbling performances and inadequate practice. Her subtle wit enabled her to convey two messages: "You can do better;" and "You are not fooling me!" I can still hear her say, completely without the rancor she might well have felt, "There's no sense in making us both miserable stumbling along when you haven't practiced, is there? Suppose you practice next week?" Or, "You sight-read very well." This ironic comment on work skimmed over in practice, instead of the equally-deserved "You perform this very badly."

Her love of adventures and her love of music combined in the 1950's, when she spent three years collecting 150 folk songs, some never before recorded, in Shenandoah Valley locations so remote that there was no electric service. Unable to use a tape recorder, she had to write down the words and notes as she heard them sung. One old man lived in such isolation near Pulaski that he was delighted to see someone with news of the outside world. "I wish you could stay longer," he complained as she rose to go, "there are so many things I want to ask you." Another octogenarian was reluctant to sing for the



stranger-lady, so Miss McNeil sang for him a song she had heard from a very old lady who also lived in Augusta County. The oldster was delighted to hear it. He'd known the lady as a child, but had neither seen nor heard of her in all the intervening years.

The great adventure of her life was a year spent as visiting professor at Miranda College of the University of Delhi, India. Always one to get away from tourist traps and meet the people, Miss McNeil discovered that her status as a luck-bringing Westerner

and a "venerable old lady" in a country of which half the population is under 15 (and where the retirement age is 55), gained her entree to private homes and "public" monuments not ordinarily seen by visitors. She was much in demand on ceremonial and festival occasions, and once a highly-educated woman doctor, directress of a hospital, credited her presence there with being the lucky factor that brought success in a difficult childbirth. She was called to the mother's bedside some days later, to receive her thanks.

She accepted all invitations, and having decided that she would have "psychosomatic good health" during her stay, refused to worry about the poor hygienic conditions of places she visited. Once, a little boy, about 10, came to her hotel room. He had seen her on the streets, he said, "and my mother would like you to come to our house for tea, any day, any time." She went, sat to tea on a dirt floor, and perhaps brought luck to the family.

That poor family, like many Indians she met concerned themselves for her happiness and safety. During the Diwali Festival, the festival of lights honoring the goddess Lachsmi, the little boy and his family feared that Lachsmi would not visit their Western friend if she failed to show the customary light in the window of her hotel room. So they invited her to a meal, and presented her with a bowl lamp of clay with a string wick, and a tiny bottle of oil. "I'm sure Lachsmi came," she says, "although I went to sleep and failed to see her."

Various Indian friends were worried about Miss McNeil's state of single blessedness, for they believed that one's mate has a great effect on one's afterlife, and that the lack of one would be a serious handicap in the hereafter. One student, concerned for her teacher and unable to believe that she did not plan to marry eventually, presented her with the set of glass bracelets worn by Indian girls at their marriages, and traditionally shattered by their groom's passion.

Occasionally Miss McNeil's desire to join in the lives of her Indian friends led her into dangerous situations. She was one of three million viewers who attended Premier Shastri's funeral, but was unafraid in the excited crowd, many of whom had walked all night to receive the blessing that

comes of being in the presence of a great person, even in death. She was really frightened only twice, once at a festival in Benares, where the huge crowd continually surged forward and back to view the events of the day—and where numbers simply went under and were trampled by the crowd. She escaped with no worse effects than a lost sandal, which she recovered on the crowd's reverse surge! At another

Kindhearted and understanding, she has, nevertheless, been firm in her conviction of what is right and has lived according to this conviction. Possessed of a strong sense of social awareness, she has worked individually and through various groups to help those disadvantaged by reason of birth, race, situation, or other factors. Her counsel and services have been called on by various organizations in the city and she has served them willingly and well.

As a member of the Mary Baldwin College faculty for twenty-eight years she has contributed greatly to the cultural enrichment of many generations of college students. Because of her outstanding ability for organization and direction she has been called upon to serve the college in many capacities, including election by her faculty colleagues as College Marshal.

In recognition of her contribution to Mary Baldwin College and to the community, and for her sense of social concern, the Algeron Sydney Sullivan Award for 1972 is presented to

RUTH McNEIL

festival, she was nearly overrun by a water truck moving inexorably through the throng, but a policeman noticed the Westerner's plight and rescued her.

Miss McNeil's confidence in her decision to be healthy and ask no questions about the food and drink presented to her came to a low ebb in Benares, where the bodies of the dead are burned, often only partially due to the high cost of wood, and tossed

into the sacred Ganges. She was searching for a rarely-visited hidden temple, where she was received cordially by the priest. He was thrilled to have a visitor, a Westerner, interested in his obscure temple. "His final great tribute and condescension was offering me a drink of the waters of the Ganges, into which I had just watched those bodies being tossed, and where I had just seen the unwashed bathe!" says Miss McNeil. Psychosomatic good health continued to pay off, however, and she had no ill effects.

During the India-Pakistan war, the big warrior Sikh drove Miss McNeil about even in the blackout, when she had to be abroad at night. And his concern for her was evident. "Do not be afraid," he said. "I am a strong man, and I will take care of you. Next to my wife, I hold you in my heart." It was he who drove her to her post in a canteen for soldiers run by Miranda College students and others in a Delhi railway station. She and her girls prepared hot meals for soldiers returning from the front, serving those who were able to walk on the platform, and the wounded on the train. During the war she also assisted in teaching the girls First Aid and Home Nursing, and during the air raids she put on a series of morale-boosting record parties in student dormitories.

Not all of her experiences in India were as pleasing as casual leave allowed the faculty and the protection of her personal driver, however. Miss McNeil had to overcome two big problems: the amount of red tape generated by a populace trained by the English to be clerks and not to make decisions, and the traditional separation of the sexes. Great mountains of red tape resulted from her formation of a mixed choir. Although she finally won permission for the 24 men and women to rehearse together,



Always one to meet the people . . .

some girls' parents refused to allow them to participate. So the indomitable director organized another choir, for women's voices. Both gave concerts of Western music during her stay—and each member of each choir had to be taught his part by rote, for none could read Western music.

The reward of Miss McNeil's refusal to be daunted by red tape, poor hygiene, and the waters of the Ganges came at a farewell party given by graduate students and professors in the University's Department of Philosophy, in which she gave a series of lectures on Western esthetics. Each person present stood to recall what Ruth McNeil had meant to him. A venerable and wonderful old professor, whom she had much admired, recalled many of her contributions to the university and to student life, and finished, "But to me, it will always mean the most that this friend was willing to eat a meal in my home." The comment astonished his guest, for she had seen the invitation as an honor.

The world beyond academia has been as much enriched by Ruth McNeil as the colleges she has served. Shortly after her arrival in Staunton from the University of Mississippi, she began serving as a Red Cross Grey Lady. That led to the mental health work which has been her untiring effort: she gave countless hours as a volunteer at Western State Hospital, served as chairman of Volunteer Services there, was president of the Staunton Chapter of the Virginia Association for Mental Health and a member of the state board of directors, was president of the advisory board of the Valley Mental Health Center, and served for three years on the State Mental Health Study Commission, which assessed the current situation and made recommendations for the next 15 years. The commission concluded that Virginia was spending too much on new facilities, "new buildings like library shelves to put the patients on," Miss McNeil says, and not enough on treatment personnel.

Although mental health was Ruth

McNeil's greatest community concern, she also devoted herself to church work, serving as organist and choir director of numbers of Staunton churches, often of two at a time. She was also president of the Women of the Church and a member of the Vestry at Emmanuel Episcopal, "her" church.

With all these irons in the fire, she has had to do no little juggling to keep from burning herself. One year of the many when she was organist at both Emmanuel Episcopal and the Temple House of Israel, she was having difficulty keeping up with overlapping choir rehearsals and services. So she recruited a student [*Linda Dolly Hammack '62*] to play the last part of Emmanuel's early service so she could rehearse the choir before the late service. The student had to cross the chancel to the organ during the service, appropriately clad in the choir's blue robe with white surplice. That was no problem, but Miss McNeil's esthetic eye noted another: the student's only pair of organ shoes was bright red. A dye job was suggested and undertaken. It is this combination of love of the beautiful and energetic application to the practical problem that has marked Ruth McNeil's 28 years at Mary Baldwin.

The energetic Miss McNeil won't settle into a typical quiet retirement life. "I want to retire while I can still enjoy it," she says. This summer she's off to Europe, where she will attend the Munich Olympic Games. "I make no rash promises for return," she says. "I'm not regimented." More travel will precede her return to the home she established in Miami last summer and visits to her brothers in Florida and Arkansas. She hopes, too, to organize for publication the 150 Valley folk songs that are among the fruits of her years in Staunton.

Of Mottoes, Maxims And Ties That Bind A College Together

By GORDON PAGE
Professor of Music

To speak on a Founders' Day poses certain implications that are hard to dodge. How does one salute the courage of Rufus W. Bailey and Mary Julia Baldwin in terms that are new and fresh? Surely R. W. must have had more than his share of temerity in launching this enterprise, and Mary Julia—the Shenandoah's Scarlett O'Hara—must have demonstrated a certain visceral fortitude in staving off disaster both before and after the Disturbance among the States. But this characteristic of each has been eulogized so often, along with their wisdom and foresight, that plowing that ground without a new strain of seed to plant seems a gratuitous exercise. A man in my position—a major portion of whose life has been happily spent as a participant in the developing entity which is the college and which they initiated and preserved—can only pause a moment in a silent tribute of gratitude.

Having so paused, let me devote my attention to the other group toward which the ceremonies of this day have been directed since long before my arrival on this campus: the Senior Class. This is the hour in which the college takes official cognizance of your arrival at the brink of that precipice which is destined to launch you into another milieu. You are Seniors! Your days of alleged uncertainty, so often ascribed to the first year of college but chiefly evident in the Sophomore year, are now more or less amusing memories; the self-questionings of the second and third years are still to a large extent unanswered, but you have persevered and now comes the season of the Big Crunch. The ulti-

mate recognition will come, God willing, on the 21st of next May when you don this rented relic of medieval society—the hood—and move the tassel of your mortarboard from one side to the other.

I addressed you as "colleagues" deliberately. In the incredible number of years of my association with "education," the conviction has been borne



Gordon Page rehearses the Choir of Mary Baldwin.

in upon me that students teach teachers fully as much or more than teachers teach students, and that parents have much to teach to both categories. Consequently—we are colleagues. For that reason I would like to discuss one facet of our life here which in my mind should have constant meaning to us all, but seems often to be lost in the shuffle of our academic cards. I am speaking absolutely parochially.

We live by slogans, or aphorisms, or maxims, or mottoes whether we realize it or not. The faculty is aware of "Publish or Perish"; the administration is aware of "Sink or Swim"; the students are aware of "Our Beloved Honor System"; the public is aware of

"The Fair Deal," "The Great Society," "The Silent Majority," and other such pithy syntheses that weary the brain and dull the spirit. That noble statement: "The proper study of Mankind is man" has been distilled into "Doing Your Own Thing," or, in slightly more exalted phrasing: "The Search for Self-realization and Fulfillment." The list is endless and somewhat depressing. In matters which should govern relationships with our fellows we subvert the Apostle's insight: "The Spirit giveth life, the letter killeth" into "It may not be right, but it's legal." In the name of *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* we prate: "I must do what's right for me, and you must do what's right for you. But if what's right for you interferes with what's right for me, then you must not do what's right for you because my right is the right right (for me, that is)." We reel under the onslaught of: "That Close-up Mint—It Turns Me On," and countless other inanities. Nevertheless, we brush our teeth by them, do our laundry by them, shampoo our hair by them—we live by them.

Many centuries ago a writer who is called "Der Prädiger"—the Preacher—in the German Bible, gave vent to his pain about the human condition by saying: "All is vanity," meaning that there is nothing truly lasting and satisfying that humans can initiate. At least, that is my interpretation of that passage. Things being as they are, since it is mine you have no right to dispute it. Pared down to what I conceive to be its skeleton, this is also the message of Alvin Toffler in his flamboyant best-seller *Future Shock*. His thesis seems to be that, given our accelerating technological achieve-

Excerpts from an address given by Professor Page on Founders' Day, October 2, 1971.

ments, some elements of human society are now truly launched into a super-industrial era which will in a measurable time inundate the whole world with such rapidly burgeoning value-changes as could easily disintegrate us psychologically. This is not a new doctrine, by the evidence of *The Preacher*, but he does paint a frighteningly grim picture which perhaps Der Prädiger's quaint phraseology does not call to mind. Mr. Toffler says that he does give us an out. He says that it is possible to prepare ourselves for impending doom. He also says that he can suggest a method for that preparation. One of Toffler's implications, is that some sense of permanence must be inculcated in our spirits, and early on.

It has never been a secret that "Time Changes Things." That statement itself is one of the more nauseous nostrums in our language, incidentally. That it is nauseous does not change its credibility. We have ample evidence on our campus of its truth. We are aware of altered attitudes and behavior patterns, praise be to God, which were unthinkable ten years, or five years, or two years, or even one year ago in the whole warp and woof of our local society—to coin another new phrase.

This brings me to that matter with which I threatened you earlier: on the Great Seal of the College, surrounding the heraldic shield and our squirrel, together with our college name there is inscribed a Latin motto. However fascinating the story of that seal and that motto may be, it is really not germane to my present point. For now, I wish only to call attention to the motto itself: "Non Pro Tempore, Sed Aeternitate," which I will translate as "not for (the) time, but for Eternity." No one can say with certainty just what was in the mind or minds which chose that statement.



Sensible folk could not have believed that everything in the contemporary curriculum would be unchanging; observant people could not have thought that outward expressions of belief and behavior would remain fixed. The motto may even have come from some other institution and been used only because something of the kind was expected, like "Amor Vincit Omnia," or "Veni, Vidi, Vici" (which seems to be the attitude of some of the Gentlemen from across the mountain), or, even, "Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense." The point is, it was chosen, and it is *there*, and—*IT IS REAL!*

Freshmen and parents of Freshmen, listen well! *IT IS REAL!*

This is where the parochialism referred to really enters the picture. That which is "not for the time, but for eternity" on this campus is not the fragile beauty of its physical plant. That can be wiped out in a trice. It is not the imperishable rightness of its curriculum, or even the integrity of its faculty and students—human frailty will always be with us. That's what makes us human. We don't even have

a patent or copyright on this quality. Other human organizations have it too, but they don't have *OURS*.

This is born of *OUR* struggle to achieve something together, *OUR* failures, *OUR* successes. It is evidenced over and over by current students and faculty, by alumnae and retired faculty, by administrators and deans, by trustees, by financial officers and men who have kept and are keeping these grounds, by service people in the halls and cooks in the kitchen, by librarians, news-service personnel, telephone operators, secretaries and admissions counselors.

It is the *LOVE*—the forebearing, forgiving, irritating, frustrating, illuminating *LOVE* we have for each other which binds us as one, from which we cannot escape even if we would, which touches us all, and which once it touches us marks us forever as having been at Mary Baldwin and belonging to her. In the last analysis, *THAT'S ALL THERE IS, AND THAT'S OUR MOTTO—OUR "ETERNITY."*

Highlights of Two Years As President

By MARTHA ROSS AMOS '48

It is a difficult task for me to try to summarize these past two years in the Alumnae Association presidency. I have many personal impressions intermingled with the overall picture of the Association.

Two years ago, at the beginning of my term, the Alumnae Association adopted a greatly revised constitution. It is now possible for us to nominate alumnae members for the Board of Trustees. We can also choose honorary non-voting members to the Alumnae Association. Dean Martha S. Grafton and Dr. Mildred Taylor, both emeritus, were chosen unanimously as our first honorary members.

The "Peanuts Project" was voted into oblivion by the Alumnae Board. This project had such great possibilities, but never seemed to catch the enthusiasm of the alumnae as a whole, and the peanut orders became few and far between. Now we must find new projects which can bring in financial support to the Alumnae Association activities. The project should be one in which *each member* can feel enthusiasm, and thus give it her full backing. So, the search will continue—

This year, chapter meetings increased by 10 over 1971. For the first time, area campaigns were held for Annual Giving. Four cities were involved last year, 22 cities this year. Annual Giving is increasing, but we still need *each alumna* to feel her responsibility in giving annually to the college.

One of my greatest pleasures was the creation of the Student Activities Fund of \$500, which has been used so far to help defray expenses of a student representative to the Student Conference on National Affairs at Texas A & M University in the fall, and to assist the Student Committee

of the Voluntary Action Center. (See page 2, this magazine.)

In our Continuing Education activities, the "Innovations in the Arts" studies were introduced and so well received that this theme will be continued for another year.

Coffees, luncheons, and other such gatherings have been held for prospective students in towns and cities throughout the nation. All alumnae must understand the importance, indeed the necessity, of encouraging good prospective students to apply to Mary Baldwin. Wherever we live, we serve as representatives of Mary Baldwin. We should constantly seek out fine girls and interest them in attending our College. I hope we are never timid about speaking up for our Alma Mater. Let's share our pride.

Certainly, like everything else we know in this world, Mary Baldwin has changed to keep pace with the times. Think of the sweeping changes, just in faculty retirements. Yet, the college administration and faculty have maintained the same personal relationship—that "feeling of closeness"—that we have always had with Mary Baldwin.

I have counted these two years as your alumnae president as a high point in my life. It has been a rare privilege for me.

Now, with new officers and a new year, we are looking forward to a new home, the Alumnae House—converted from the "old Club House—Biology Building." Isn't it *great* finally to have roomy quarters of our own? See you there!

Martha Ross Amos '48 retired as president of the Mary Baldwin Alumnae Association, only to take another important job: vice president for admissions.



New Officers of the Alumnae Association



Linda Dolly Hammack '62

PRESIDENT *Linda Dolly Hammack '62* stepped up from her job last year as vice president for admissions. She served a term (1970-71) as chairman of the Northern Virginia Chapter of the Mary Baldwin Alumnae Association and has been an admissions aide for three years. At present privately teaching piano, she was for three years a production assistant for WETA, the public television of Washington, D. C. She also spent a year on the Admissions Office staff of Mary Baldwin and for a year after graduation was teacher of music in a Maryland junior high school. Her husband, Paul W. Hammack, Jr., is a graduate of the University of Virginia and the Washington and Lee Law School and is now affiliated with an Arlington, Va. law firm.

VICE PRESIDENT FOR ANNUAL GIVING, *Carol Wheeler Stevenson '62* has been chairman of the Charlottesville (Va.) Chapter and led its person-to-person campaign for two years. Her husband, William W. Stevenson, is a Princeton graduate and now president of the Monticello National Bank. They lived in Hong Kong while he was a special assistant for economic warfare in Saigon. They have a four-year-old daughter.

VICE PRESIDENT FOR CONTINUING EDUCATION, *Emily Wirsing Kelly '63* is a teachers' aide with NIPS (Neurologically Impaired Pre-School) in Roanoke and is serving a second term as artist-member and secretary of the Architectural Review Board of the City of Salem, Virginia. She and her husband Tim are members of the Blue Ridge Soaring Society which flies sailplanes and helps Civil Air Patrol cadets learn about powerless flight. In the fall she will teach needlepoint design at the Roanoke Fine Arts Center.

OTHER OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS OF ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

1972-73

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WENGER HALL
PERSPECTIVE FROM THE EAST

This is an architect's sketch of the expanded Wenger Hall, proposed for student recreational activities, rathskeller, post office and book store. The cost is estimated at \$500,000 toward which the Wenger family of Pontiac, Mich. has contributed \$102,000. The Kresge Foundation, also of Michigan, has made a challenge grant of \$50,000, contingent upon other gifts of \$350,000 by December 31, 1972. Trustees have approved the designation of an area in the new center to honor Elizabeth Parker, Dean of Students 1946-1972.

Mary Baldwin

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA 24401



Lenore Romney, vice chairman of the National Center for Voluntary Action and wife of the United States Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, visited the Staunton Voluntary Action Center to learn how the agency operates in a non-urban setting, on a college campus. Volunteer Karen Stoneburner, left, is presenting her a handmade gift. The story Mrs. Romney heard is told inside, pages 1-6.

(Photo by Lance Bell)